

THE PRESS HONORED.

The Crummell Historical Association Gives Bruce Grit a Surprise—A Rare Literary Find.

Albany, N. Y., Special—I was the victim of a very pleasant, agreeable and enjoyable surprise on my 44th birthday which occurred on Thursday February 22nd instant. The chief conspirators in the scheme were Mrs. L. J. Mann, president of the Crummell Historical Association; Miss Mary Hoyt, its originator; Miss Eva Williams the hostess at whose residence the final act in the deep laid plot was consummated while the accessories before the fact were A. J. Oliver, Esq. who resembles a well fed and well paid Presbyterian minister, the courtly and suave John D. Nichols of the state library, Henry A. Spencer, Esq. director of Crummell Historical Association, Miss Geneva Johnson of Charleston, S. C., Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hoyt of Catskill, N. Y., Mrs. William Van Alstyne of Albany, Miss Anna Moore, Mr. L. J. Mann, Mr. J. R. Frisby, Mrs. Florence A. Bruce and others. This jolly crowd kept your humble servant in blissful ignorance of their fell designs until the last moment. On the evening of the event I was invited to tea with (Rev.) Oliver, while the madam informed me that she had an important committee meeting at Miss Williams and that I should call there for her at 10:30. Usually she has the habit of coming from these short distances alone. Still I agreed to call for her and did so shortly after ten o'clock. As I approached the house I saw lights and heard voices making merry, when I rang the bell, out went the lights. I heard a shuffling of feet that was quite suggestive of something out of the ordinary going on. Finally when I was admitted by the mother of the hostess—Mrs. Williams. I saw things. Sister Williams face was a study, she tried to look solemn and endeavored to divert my attention from the rattling of dishes which was going on in the next room, and to prevent me from smelling the fragrant odor of a delightful pot of coffee, by opening the door and a window. While I sat in the parlor looking at Sister Williams and cogitating some whatly a string of these merry-makers burst in from the adjoining room, each congratulating me on the anniversary of my birthday, and wishing me many happy returns of the day. Then it dawned upon my abfuscated vision what all the whispering at our club meeting on the Tuesday previous and the mysterious conduct of the wife of my bosom meant, and I just naturally



HON. J. C. NAPIER,

A Representative Tennessean, who is Prominently Mentioned for Delegate-at-Large to the National Republican Convention at Philadelphia next June.

surrendered and made up my mind to "jcy mahself" and I did. There was music, vocal and instrumental by Mrs. L. J. Mann. Cards and checkers and social chat followed by a dainty little supper which was heartily enjoyed by none more than myself and the presentation by Mrs. Mann on behalf of friends and well wishers of a pretty little toilet set, comb and brush and tooth and nail brushes in a flexible leather case. Mr. H. A. Spencer, made a witty little speech and did it so well that he was given an extra plate of cream and glass of ice water. The whole affair was as enjoyable as it was surprising to me, for I have long since put myself in the position of the good old brother whose homely philosophy "Bressed am he wat specta nuffin for he shill not be disapited is not be sneezed at even on birth days" I take this public method of expressing my grateful thanks to these kind friends for their generous remembrance of me and of renewing to them the assurances of my distinguished consideration, regard and esteem.

(Continued on 9th page.)

Prof. C. W. Reynolds—Educator.

Among the brilliant young men of the race few have shown brighter promise in educational circles than Prof. C. W. Reynolds, superintendent of the colored High School at Richmond, Ky. The best evidence of the high character of his efforts is the fact that at the last state contest his pupils carried off the highest honors and with such proficiency as to elicit most fulsome praise from the representative white papers of bourbondom. As a lecturer on educational topics, Mr. Reynolds is much in demand in the West and many educational journals attest the force of his facile pen.

Consider the Statement.

The True Reformer's Bank did a thriving business recently. At the close of business for the week, ending Thursday, January 26th, Cashier Hill reported that a business of more than eighteen thousand dollars had been done. This is a fine showing; it demonstrates what can be accomplished by the race, if petty jealousy is relegated and the true spirit of combination, concentration and co-operation practiced by all our people—The Reformer.

THE BLACK MIRABEAU.

Dr. M. M. Moore's Eloquence at a Florida Conference.

The following pen picture and tribute to Dr. Moore is taken from The Tampa Daily Times, a leading white newspaper in that section:

The special order of the day having been reached—the election of delegates to the General Conference which convenes in Columbus, Ohio, May next, further business was suspended and the pickets that had been in the preliminary skirmishes summoned in the clash of artillery began. The first blood came in the election of tellers and secretaries, the persons brought forward by those supposed to have been opposed to Dr. M. M. Moore being successful. Dr. W. Decker Johnson, of Georgia, and Dr. T. W. Henderson, Philadelphia, tellers; and Dr. E. W. Lampton, Mississippi, and Prof. A. St. George Richardson of Jacksonville secretaries. Dr. Moore made the point of order that a layman could not act in that capacity for the ministers which was overruled by Bishop Gaines. Dr. Moore at this point seeing defeat staring him in the face, took the floor in defense of his cause, and like the French orator Mirabeau before the Jacobin club, or Cicero before the Roman senate, swept everything before him with his eloquence. When he narrated how he had swam bayous, traveled night and day spent sleepless nights establishing this church and making it possible for the very men to succeed who today are fighting him. His speech at this point tinged with that fervor that characterizes Robert Emmett's address to the crown, and brought the great audience to their feet and tears to the eyes of the stoniest hearted. It was indeed one of the greatest speeches ever delivered on the floor of the conference. Bishop Gaines responded, giving emphasis to the fact that he was not fighting Dr. Moore, as had been reported, and at the vortex of the conflict Dr. Moore and the Bishop shook hands and an embarrassing spectacle was averted. Dr. Moore certainly became the Wellington of the occasion, only losing two out of the nine persons named on his ticket—saving the very man that all the fight had been made on, Rev. John Walter Duke, presiding elder of the Sanford district.

Miss Cora McGwin came to this city Wednesday and and is at her home 2245 12th street, northwest for a weeks stay.